

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
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FAIR PLAY.



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VOL. I.

Selected Hilarity.

The Song of a Rose.

I loved a red rose in a garden;
My cousin leaned over the fence
And by my side plucked it from me—
Not so much as I leg you go and I!

There is one who goeth yet stayout;
There is one who stayeth gone.
You shall weep until your moon
On the grave of the bold who betrayed.

The rose that was gathered so gladly
Was done but a little hour.
He held it close in his paws,
Nor ever the lover looked kindly.

There is heat that is cold & then coldness;
There is ice that scorcheth and burns.
There's a gray-eyed woman who leaves
A modesty bashed than boldness.

Ah me! my poor rose to discover
Where she had this woe it to scorn!
Sweet rose with never a thorn!
Come now to thy true lover & I'll!

There is joy that pierceth like sorrow;
There is sorrow that makes not pain.
To day I am glad to the quick;
I shall laugh at the pain to-morrow.

But alas for the violet that closed!
An it is for the day and the doom!
Where have vanished thy perfume and bloom?

My quenched roses of all roses
There is light that is black as the breach is
Or hell,—and a night like the day.
There's a moment that breathes slay,
And a life that is done & then death.

O not that the touch of the viper
Had turned all its sweetness to sour?
I have known a fair trout and a flower
That a trout had made fishes and viper.

There are nays that have bold with yes;
There are yeses even to such caps.
Prithi sell me out with your praise,
And curse me not with your caresses!

In vain, O vain to bind it,—
The rose that was I do but a space;
For this was its grace of grace—
The grace of a teardrop to me!

—Service's for November.

UNMARKED.

BY ALICE STEAR.

Mr. Asher, Mr. Cole—Mr. Cole, my old friend, Ted Asher. And now, gentlemen, that I have broken the ice, you will please excuse me for a few minutes, as I see I am wanted; and the speaker, Harry Johnson, who was a general favorite, turned suddenly away, and crossed the ballroom to where a group of ladies stood gaily beckoning him with their fans.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Cole," measured Mr. Asher, in a low, musical voice.

"One pleasure is mutual, I assure you," politely replied the gentleman addressed; besides, it seems odd to call a man, but you seem to be like an old friend, your face is strangely familiar."

"Indeed, no. I think we have never met before. I am a stranger in this part of the country. But come, if you do not intend to join the dancers, let us go to the piazza, where we can watch them, and have a quiet chat."

"Agreed. Dancing is a bore, and a cigar is a much better companion than a lady. Do yours?" And as they seated themselves, Mr. Cole produced cigar, and offered one to his companion.

The latter hesitated a moment, as if uncertain whether to accept or decline the invitation, then replied:

"Thank you. I do not smoke at present; my physician forbids it. I am in rather delicate health."

"So I should judge; you look anything but strong, and your complexion is as pale as a girl."

"Indeed!" and the speaker's voice sounded rather contemptuous. "Do you know that I consider that rather a compliment?"

"Unph! Our opinions differ somewhat on that subject, my friend. Now I don't believe that women are so much like angels as some people make them out to be," replied Mr. Cole.

The handsome, girlish face flushed, and he exclaimed in astonishment;

"You cannot have a mother and sisters, Mr. Cole, or you would not possess such an opinion."

"Sisters, no—a mother, yes—in heaven. She was an angel on earth. Mr. Asher, if ever there was one, but the girls of to-day are not like her. They are but butterflies, and care for nothing but fictions and fashions."

"I hope and believe that you are mistaken, sir. Perhaps you have not sought for anything deeper than what a fiction will reveal; and if

so, how can you blame the ladies for playing Roland to your Oliver?"

"Well, every one to their liking; of course; the world is made up of opposites. But I confess that I look upon the ladies as merely pleasant amusement for an idle hour—noting more. Why, man, all they want is flattery. But at the present I have no time to waste on them, for I have got my hands full in subjugating the proudest beauty of them all—handsome, lovely Nell Atherton. I wish you could see her, really."

His listener smiled oddly, but replied with eagerness:

"I wish I could. Can you point her out to me?"

"Oh, she's up here to-night; she is off on a week's visit to some relatives. If she were present, I should not be here, you may be sure. No, indeed! pretty Nell accepts no like-warm attention, I can tell you; she would chain me to her side the whole evening. Ugh! think of having to wear such things every day of one's life!" And with a laugh that had little of weariness in it, she ran gayly up the stairs.

* * * * *

"You promised me my answer to-night: Nell, darling. What is it? am I to be the happiest, or the most miserable of men?"

"Well, really, Mr. Cole, you are so impatient, one would almost believe that your heart was concerned."

"Alas! I have no heart. Your bright eyes charmed it from me weeks ago, fair Nell. Why will you torture me thus?"

"I tortue you? Positively you amuse me. The idea of a lady's having power to annoy you. How absurd!" And she laughed gaily, apparently quite at her ease; while her suitor, comparatively nonplussed at her behavior, gazed at her wonderingly, then said affectionately:

"It is a part of my religion," said a pious old lady when asked why she went to church, "to be good to others;" and we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks almost out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passed up the aisle during service, it would be better both for their necks and their religion.

A gross abuse of religious decent sometimes needs harsh medicine as a remedy. We give that adopted by Henry Clay Dean, who was one most eminent of Congress. The anecdote is from the *Paris Methodist*:

"Being worried one afternoon by this tuning practice in his congregation, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon and said:

"Now you listen to me, and I'll tell you who the people are as each one of them comes in."

"He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he hawed out like an usher, Deacon A——, who keeps a shop over the way, and then went on with his sermon. Presently another man passed up the aisle, and his name, residence and occupation were given; so he continued for some time. At length some one opened the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out, 'A little old man, with a duffel coat and an old white hat on, don't know him; look for yourselves.' That congregation was cured."

"Never!" and her voice rang out contemptuously.

"What, you refuse me?" And he sprang angrily to his feet.

"I do, most decidedly; and more than that, I tell you that I despise you, Mr. Cole."

"Madame!" cried he, in blank astonishment.

"Yes, sir, I do. I despise a braggart and a coward. A coward you are, else you would not talk so lightly of the ladies, and win their hearts but to break them. You are a braggart, because even to a stranger you do not hesitate to boast of your conquests, and even venture so far as to dare to mention the names of your lady-loves."

"Who told you all this?" gasped the astonished man.

"You did, Mr. Cole. I suspected you, for your flattery was so fulsome. I determined to try your fidelity, and disguise myself in man's attire, I sought the ball room with my cousin Harry, and was by him introduced to

you as Ted Asher. You yourself began conversation on a subject which I had intended to lead you to, and—

"Very well, madam, since you are so well satisfied with your achievement, which, permit me to say, was at least undulylike, I will bid you good evening."

"No, stay a moment," cried Nell, as she threw aside the folding doors, near which, by design on her part, they had stood during the entire conversation, and disclosed to the gaze of her discomfited suitor a smiling circle of the fairest young ladies of the village.

"Ladies," cried Nell, addressing them, "I promised you a novel kind of entertainment, and I think you have had it. Hereafter you will know how to value the fine speeches of this gentleman. Sir," and she turned to Cole, who had all this time stood motionless, as if changed to marble, "you can go before your

presence here no longer. Had you been more of a man, I should have

called upon those who have a right to protect me from your insults; but as it is I would not trouble them. I can defend myself. Now go!" and she raised her beautiful arm and pointed toward the door, out of which her abashed suitor was only too glad

to escape; but the merry peal of laughter which followed rang in his ears long after the house had been left behind.

"Well, Nell," laughed Harry, as he joined them, "that unfortunate fellow has had a lesson he'll not soon forget."

"So much the better, Harry," retorted Nell; "I did not mean that he should forget it. I've taught him better than to make game of the ladies, at least for a time. And I'm sure, girls," and she turned appealingly to her friends, "you all join me in rejoicing that a villain is unmasked."

Neck-Twisting in Church.

There are practices tolerated in religious congregations, which Christians who are jealous for the honor of their Master's house should utterly condemn. Peacock is the handmaiden of devotional feeling, and for this reason, the house of God should never be disturbed by the slightest approach to irreverence.

"It is a part of my religion," said a pious old lady when asked why she went to church, "to be good to others;" and we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to interrupt the religion of others; and we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks almost out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passed up the aisle during service, it would be better both for their necks and their religion.

A printer recently made "Be ye therefore stout,"—the text of a minister's